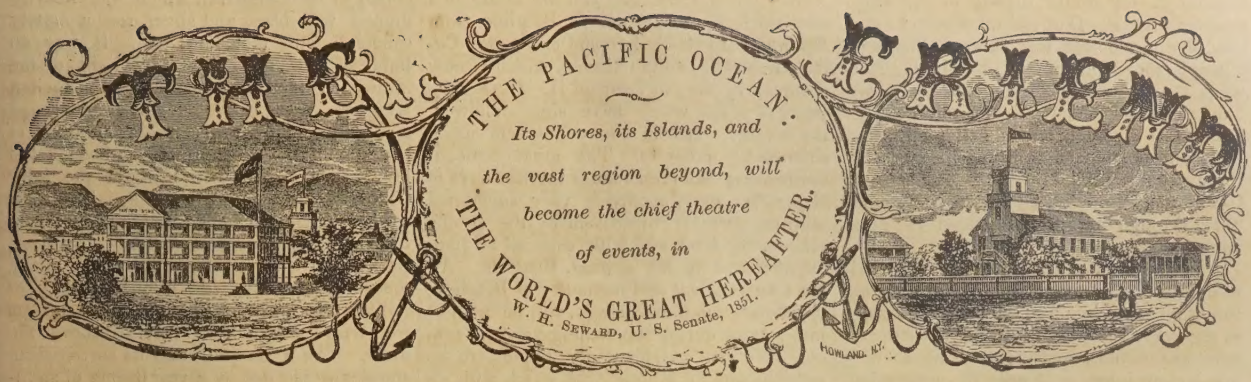

New Series, No. 2, Vol. 29.} HONOLULU, FEBRUARY 2, 1880. {Old Series, Vol. 37.

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THE FRIEND.

FEBRUARY 2, 1880.

"Rev. Dr. Damon is planning to take the February steamer for a trip to the States, and to Europe. Mrs. Damon will accompany him, both needing the rest and recuperation such a tour usually affords."

We clip the above from the *Gazette*, and would add, that, during our absence, of a few months, we hope to gratify a life-long desire, to spend a few days in London during the "May-Meetings." The B. and F. Bible Society, London Missionary Society, Church Missionary Society, Religious Tract Society, and other similar associations, are world-wide in their influence, and it is our desire to take a near view of these agencies, so potent and evangelistic for good.

In making our preparations for leaving it is pleasant to be cheered forward, by the hearty congratulations of neighbors, friends and parishioners, including our sea-faring friends, all adding, "We are glad you are going." We are now entering upon our *fortieth* year of service, under the auspices of the American Seamen's Friend Society, a trip abroad, is "now or never." We can truly say, our labors were never more interesting and encouraging. We shall hope to return refreshed and rejuvinated. We leave the supply of the pulpit with our Church, and from the able preachers residing in Honolulu, and others, we doubt not, the Bethel Congregation will always be well supplied. Mr. Dunscombe will continue his Colporteur work among seamen.

The FRIEND will appear as usual. All letters relating to subscriptions or communications may be sent to "The Friend," P. O. box 166, and will receive attention.

☞ During our absence, our address will be 80 Wall Street, New York City.

Shepherd of Lanai.

The last Hawaiian Legislature appointed Mr. Gibson to prepare a report upon the hygiene of the native population. We are glad to know that he has been most diligently laboring to write something which will prove truly valuable. In a note lately received, we met with the following significant and suggestive paragraph;

"I have been studying the first and most eminent writer on sanitary instructions known to us,—and that is Moses. He, or the Spirit in him, show to us that the great Roman maxim, "Salus populi suprema est lex." was well considered and acted upon in Egypt and Palestine ages before Romulus built his wall."

As the Jewish Lawgiver left his flocks in Midian to conduct his countrymen from Egypt to the Promised Land, so we trust the Shepherd of Lanai, without leaving his flocks, may conduct Hawaiians, afflicted with Egyptian diseases, to the promised land of health, prosperity and perpetuity.

Rev. Francis H. Robinson.

It was with much pleasure that we were permitted to welcome this young clergyman and his wife on their way to Wailuku, where he is to take charge of the Foreign Church. It affords us additional pleasure to receive a note from Rev. Mr. Alexander, from which we copy as follows:

"I had the pleasure of hearing him preach last Sunday. I think he is the right man in the right place. We are all much pleased with him and his wife. We had a social gathering in the Government Union storehouse last evening to welcome them. A large number attended, and I hope we shall now get better acquainted with each other and love each other more."

Words fail to express the satisfaction we feel in witnessing the various foreign island communities gathering and crystalizing around those called to preach the everlasting Gospel. Now is the golden opportunity for earnest Christian work on the part of private Christians as well as Gospel ministers.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 37

Autumn Days in the Netherlands—No. 2.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, September, 1879.

I have arrived thus far in safety in my journey through the Netherlands and Belgium. It is almost superfluous for me to say that it is proving in all respects, and in the highest degree, a journey delightful, beneficial and instructive. I have been favored with the most beautiful of golden September days, the most charming of autumn weather: My study and reading and intense anticipation for weeks and months past, in reference to and of Holland and Belgium, are now in a remarkable degree enabling me to appreciate the opportunities which are afforded me here. It is a grand and glorious historical, artistic and poetic feast for me, and will be to me for life of immense importance. Let me sketch briefly in outline my journey thus far—and it must be only in outline, for my time is limited for writing, and I hope for weeks to come to send you all the details and side-coloring after I am once more back in Berlin. On Monday, September 1st, I left Nordeney, which never seemed more beautiful than in the early morning sunshine as I said "Good bye" Once more in Emden, and then by train to Groningen, where I passed the night, and which was my first Dutch city. Then next morning on to Harlingen; then a charming day on the steamer crossing the Zuider Zee to Amsterdam. In Amsterdam I spent two or three days; then one day in Utrecht. By train to Hilder, to see the grand dykes of North Holland, defence against the North Sea. A visit to the historic and picturesque towns of Alkmaar and Zandaam, then to Harlem—charming, sweetly clean, brave old Harlem—and then to the Hague and Leiden, so famous from its memorable siege and Motley's descriptions. On every side were Dutch pictures in landscape, dress, face, etc. The picturesque little town of Delft I also visited. Here William the Silent was assassinated. I stood on the very spot where the great man fell. How his very presence still seems to remain in this drowsy little city with its tree-fringed canals. From Delft I went to Rotterdam—busy, quaint Rotterdam. Here Erasmus, the wise, the scholarly, the elegant, was born. From

Rotterdam my route turned to Antwerp, passing through Dordrecht. Here I said good bye to Holland, and shortly afterwards entered the Kingdom of Belgium. Antwerp, with its glorious Cathedral, its splendid gallery, its splendid memories of Rubens and a host of other artists. I can speak of only with unbounded enthusiasm. My visit there was a banquet. From Antwerp to Ghent, are we not indeed on classic ground? Then through Bruges and Ostend the great watering-place, to Brussels.

I am finding my anticipations fully realized, and that is saying much. I am seeing the originals of hundrds of noble paintings in the very land which saw their birth, and amid associations and scenes of which they are to so large a degree the expression. Rembrandt has fascinated me indescribably here in Holland, and in Belgium Rubens is waiting to give me welcome. Art-taste is, I am convinced, a plant of slow growth, but when its roots have found a place in one's heart and fancy, its progress is sure.

I am seeing daily, towns with their tree-shadowed canals and quaint old houses and noble churches; charming Dutch "interiors," exquisitely neat, and beautiful with family life, open to me on every side; the sweet, mellow chimes of the bells go with me all along the way; my road lies through wide-spreading meadows, where the sleek and mild-eyed cattle feed, the pride of the Dutch farmer.

It has been a constant source of pleasure to me in the midst of my rambles to think that I might be permitted to share with others the impressions which these profoundly interesting and delightfully historic and picturesque countries make upon the traveler who is permitted to tread their truly classic soil. So deeply, so intensely has the "spirit" of these lands affected me; so eloquently have the thousand historic monuments which guided my wanderings proclaimed thier story; on such rare and gloriously beautiful creations of laureled artists have I been permitted to gaze, that I should seem to myself to be doing violence to a thousand precious memories if I attempted to recall them hastily in the few moments afforded me for writing. It were better if there were more *reverence* in travel and in its recital than one meets with in our day. Every traveller who regards the opportunity afforded of visiting lands hoary with age and tradition in a certain sense as a sacred privilege, finds his experience nobly expressed in that thoughtful sonnet of the poet Wordsworth on Bruges:

> The spirit of antiquity—enshrined
> In sumptuous buildings,—vocal in sweet song,
> In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
> And with devout solemnities entwined—
> Strikes to the seat of grace within the mind.

THE FETES OF SEPTEMBER IN BRUSSELS.

Allow me to give, in a few words, a glimpse at the folk-life of Brussels, leaving our excursion into the domain of the past until another time—a time of more leisure than the present—asking your kindly charity for these unavoidably hasty lines.

All Belginm may be said to be looking forward to September, 1880, with especial anticipation. At this time will be celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of Belgium, which dates from the September Revolution of 1830. As you are aware, this resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland. In 1831, Leopold of Saxony-Coburg was called to the throne, which is now occupied by his son Leopold II. During the years of peace which have since followed, the country has in many respects made astonishing progress. The great national anniversary has been that of the last days of September, every recurring year celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm by the people all over the land, and with especial brilliancy, of course, in the capital, Brussels. All the artistic talent and ingenuity of Belgium, which is by no means slight, will be brought into service during the coming year to render the Fêtes as splendidly impressive as possible, and all Europe will watch with interest this imposing pageant of national festivity. Hence, to visit Brussels in September, 1879, might seem like coming a year too soon, for the forty-ninth celebration might naturally be expected to be as dull as the fiftieth would be brilliant. Still, I think a Fête in Brussels could scarcely ever be dull, the whole atmosphere of the city is too enlivening. And I must confess the series of festivities from the 23d to the 27th were exceedingly interesting.

Brussels, you know, is generally regarded as a smaller edition of Paris. And certainly there is very much here to remind one of the brilliant French capital; and yet the city and its life has a decided character of its own, as indeed has the whole country, where, as some one has remarked, the "two elements, Latin and German, are to be met with, so happily united." Brussels is charming, and I do not wonder that it has become so favorite a resort of the English who take up their residence on the Continent. As one meets with two peoples and two languages here at every turn, the Flemish and the French, so the city itself has a double character. There is the old Brussels, with its narrow streets, its historic memories, its mediæval architecture; there is the new city, with its superb avenues and tree-planted boulevards, its glittering shops, its magnificent public buildings and parks. The Past and the Present unite in singular harmony.

REQUIEM SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The celebrations attracted visitors from all parts of the country. Though I arrived a day or two before their commencement, it was with difficulty that I succeeded in getting a room in one of the hotels. In 1880 a late comer will fare but poorly. The opening ceremony was the celebration of a requiem service in the Cathedral of St. Michel and St. Gudule, an imposing Gothic structure with a stately façade, rising from one of the heights above the city. There was something peculiarly touching and appropriate in the service. Before the living entered upon the enjoyment of their festivities, every heart turned in grateful love and memory to those who helped to lay the foundations of the national independence, but who never lived to enjoy the fruits of their labors—those who died bravely fighting for the Fatherland. The service consisted in the celebration of a Mass and in the rendering by the choir of a beautiful Requiem, written expressly for the occasion. In the center of the Cathedral, which was heavily draped with black and silver, rose a stately cenotaph with mourning pall. It was an impressive scene. The grey light of the morning came sadly through the ancient windows, whose colors have been deepened and mellowed by the changing seasons of centuries; the solemn music flooded the long aisles and lost itself amid the lofty Gothic arches; hundreds of officials in their robes of office, bands of soldiers in uniform, officers and diplomats in glittering costume, lighted the shadows formed by the heavy mourning draperies; the intoned liturgy of the large company of the officiating priests rose with the clouds of incense above the altar. The Cathedral and its surrounding squares were filled by a vast throng of sight-seers. After the service, which terminated about noon, the companies of soldiery formed in procession and marched through the crowded streets to the Place des Martyrs, in which is a monument erected to the fallen braves, and there deposited wreaths and garlands of immortelles.

VARIOUS FESTIVITIES.

It would indeed be quite impossible to give anything like a detailed description of the many and varied entertainments which marked the week. There were free performances at different theatres, in Flemish and French, to which the people flocked in vast crowds. On one of the long canals near the city a brilliant regatta took place, at which the King and Queen of the Belgians were present. Athletic games and various sports attracted the people to different parts of the city. Bands of music and various processions passed and repassed through the streets and boulevards. The houses and public squares were hung with the tricolor of Belgium—red, yellow and black. A great national concert was given, where only the compositions of Belgian musicians were performed. For a few days a general spirit of merry-making prevailed, which even the contentions which seem ever to be waged between the Romish clergy and the Liberals could not mar. Among the various celebrations, nothing was more interesting than the ceremony attending the distribution of rewards and honors to those who during the past year have rendered their names especially illustrious by reason of acts of courage, devotion and humanity. The ceremony was most impressive. The King and Queen and the highest dignitaries of State were present. The vast hall was filled to overflowing by an enthusiastic throng, who welcomed the heroes of the day with tumultuous applause. The list of noble deeds and acts of heroism here brought to the notice of the public was one which did honor to our humanity, and as one after another advanced to receive the little cross or order which testified to his bravery, one could not but feel moved by a hearty enthusiasm. The list was a long one, and the recipients were of every rank and age. One or two little children had distinguished themselves by some especial act of courage. The simple recital of the events brings a thrill to everyone—rescue of sufferers from conflagrations; noble facing of smoke and flames for those in danger; prevention of accidents to crowded railway trains; rescue of ships in danger

in storm and darkness; saving of lives from drowning. Such scenes as this which I am describing lift us into the highest spheres of love and sympathy. The race has not degenerated. Every day's record of the calamities and dangers which surround us show what possibilities of heroism there are still in the world.

The Royal Society of Science and the Fine Arts held on one of the closing days a most interesting session, when various prizes were distributed. These few facts may perhaps give you something of an idea of the great variety of the interesting entertainments afforded the visitor during those days.

BEFORE THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

The public "Place" of the city plays an important part in history in all lands of Western and Southern Europe. It is the point where so many of the great festivities and the tragedies, the joys and sorrows of the people, have had their theatre. You strike here at the heart, it may be scarred and seared, but still the *heart* of History. The "Place" in which the stately Hotel de Ville of Brussels is placed is one of the most interesting, if in some respects one of the saddest, spots in the old world. I am tempted here to quote a few words from a brilliant page of Motley's "Dutch Republic," which paints with one or two rapid strokes the Place and its memories. It is at the point where he speaks of the fate of Count Egmont and Count Horn, who fell victims to Spanish tyranny:

"The great square of Brussels had always a striking and theatrical aspect. Its architectural effects, suggesting in some degree the meretricious union between Oriental and a corrupt Grecian art, accomplished in the mediæval midnight, have amazed the eyes of many generations. The splendid Hotel de Ville, with its daring spire and elaborate front, ornamented one side of the place; directly opposite was the graceful but incoherent façade of the Brood Huis, now the last earthly resting-place of the two distinguished victims, while grouped around these buildings rose the fantastic palaces of the Archers, Mariners and other guilds, with their festooned walls and toppling gables, bedizened profusely with emblems, statues and quaint decorations. The place had been alike the scene of many a brilliant tournament and of many a bloody execution. Gallant knights had contended within its precincts, while bright eyes rained influence from all those picturesque balconies and decorated windows. Martyrs to religious and to political liberty had upon the same spot endured agonies which might have roused every stone of its pavement to mutiny or softened them to pity. Here Egmont himself, in happier days, had often borne away the prize of skill or of valor, the cynosure of every eye; and hence, almost in the noon of a life illustrated by many brilliant actions, he was to be sent by the hand of tyranny to his great account."

It was in this historic square that some of the most interesting ceremonies of the Festival week of this year took place. On the second morning of the Fêtes the square was filled with hundreds of spectators to witness the ceremony of the distribution of prizes to the various "Societies and Companies of Sports' of the city. This seems to be a remnant of some ancient custom of more picturesque days. In the centre of the square rose a pavilion gayly decorated, for the judges and distributors. The morning was gay with the stirring music of different bands. The day was charming and the scene most bright and animated. First came the Royal Society of St. Sebastian, ancient and historic company of Archers, bearing the insignia of their order. Then, in long line, one company after the other devoted to the practice of some especial game or exercise. Their banners and standards, of every hue and color, heavy with gold, fluttering in the wind, brought to mind the long-vanished days when the knights of the land with their followers rode to tourney on the Place. After they had taken their stand, the prizes were distributed and the great throng dispersed. In the evening of the same day there was a grand military concert given on the square. It was a striking scene. Brilliant lines and festoons of gas jets and colored lanterns lighted the great Place as if with sunshine. The grand Gothic façade and graceful mounting spire of the Hotel de Ville seemed transfigured in the blaze of light. The square was one wave of upturned faces, over which strains of music floated in great flooding waves of melody. While above all this picture, so brilliant, its coloring deepened by the shadows of the evening and framed by the solemn towering walls of the ancient buildings forming the square, appeared the silver moon in the glorious bending arch of the night. For the moment it seemed as if another throng filled the air—as if the spirits of other ages were looking down upon this holiday spectacle. And the vision of the martyred dead and of the gay companies who had once shone amid these serene ancient precincts—heroes, priests, knights, and armed soldiery—arose before me. Was it fancy, or the ghostly shadows of the passing clouds?

CONGRESSES.

No capital of Europe now feels that it has done its annual duty unless it has entertained two or three congresses. And a most capital idea this is of bringing together men of learning, of experience, of talent, from all parts of the world, to deliberate upon some special subject. This is one of the best products of our modern civilization. We have now congresses of all kinds—medical, artistic, literary, scientific, archæologic, religious, and so on *ad infinitum*. Brussels is *par excellence* the city of congresses, and during September two held their sittings here—that of the "Americanists" and that of the different geographical societies of Europe. The first of these, whose especial mission appears to be to collect facts and to indulge in theories, some of which have a practical bearing, others the reverse, in reference to the early inhabitants and peoples of America, to study its antiquities, etc., had this year an especially brilliant session. Great éclat was imparted to the same by the presence of General Guzman Blanco, the President of the Republic of Venezuela, and other famous personages, among them the distinguished Professor Virchow, from the University of Berlin. This was followed by the Geographical Congress, which lasted several days, and whose deliberations cannot fail to be productive of much good to the world at large, as they were of an essentially practical nature.

With this closed the principal events of the month of September, and we who have been permitted to take part in these varied scenes, will feel an especial interest to see what 1880 may have in store for the good people of Brussels and Belgium.

F. Williams Damon.

Hawaiian Legation, Berlin.

P. S.—We are in the midst of Christmas week, that great festival season for Germany, and I write enveloped by the perfume and fragrance of Christmas greens. I have this year been especially struck by the universal celebration of this anniversary. Here it is a festival of joy, which levels all differences of creed, of nationality, of employment; rich and poor, the high and low, Jew and Gentile, have in their way participated in it. It is probable that the majority have passed over the real meaning and significance of the season. This may be so, but I would see in this universality of participation a suggestion of that glorious faith which He revealed to us whose birthday we now celebrate. The Song of the Angels, that grandest of Christmas carols, was sung for no particular race or time. It was for all time, for every race. How grandly the music swells as the years roll on! Each Christmas should be to us a higher vantage ground. Our age calls for "More light, more light!" Strange, when the Divine sunlight floods the onward way. And yet perhaps not so strange when we think how loath we are to look unto the source of all light. I saw recently in Brussels a striking picture. It was painted with grand, tremendous strokes. The immense canvas was for the main part dusky and heavy with shadows, immense sombre masses of darkness and cloud. But in the center rose a cross, bearing the form of the Divine sufferer, the Savior of Mankind. And now the picture changed. From this central point, golden, glorious beams of light shot out into the darkness and enveloped with waves of celestial light the scourged figures of slaves at the foot of the cross It is this thorn-crowned and pierced Christ who is the Light of the World. Let us look unto Him, and our lives will be filled with the glory of this great light. The old year is dying, and the new year comes. Life here is full of change, but this Divine radiance shines undimmed, unchanging, the glory of the ages, the splendor of eternity. The Saviour is still the same, ready to comfort the mourning, to strengthen the tempted and tried, to bring home the wandering, to fill saddened hearts with songs of rejoicing, to cleanse from stains of sin, and to give freely all who ask the Divine pardon. I have that glorious text, "God so loved the world," in over two hundred languages. When at a glance one sweeps such a horizon, his heart is full. I believe in the Brotherhood of the race. I would be glad to consecrate my life to finding some link to unite these now scattered races and to bringing more distinctly into view those golden links which unite us to the source of all life and speech. I have lately found in Bunsen's Life some words which should be made the key-note of all philological study, "to trace God's firm path through the stream of ages."

By the way, one of the pleasantest families I have met in Berlin is that of Dr. George von Bunsen, son of the Baron and Baroness von B. The Bunsens are very cultivated and refined. They have a beauti-

ful home—a villa just in the suburbs, with fine grounds. The entrance hall is very English like, with a great open fireplace. There is a large number of children in the family—two daughters in society, and a son of about twenty. Dr. Bunsen is a man of wide range of thought, sweeping the horizon of the world of letters in something of the magnificent way of his father, though he is not the great man the Chevalier was. He is a most admirable conversationalist, at home on every topic, full of fire, of feeling, of poetry. You would find them all charming.

DECEMBER 28th.—A young naval chaplain, Herr Goedel, who was in Honolulu in the *Leipzig* about a year ago, has just taken his leave. He called on me last week, and to-day he was my guest at dinner. It was so very pleasant to talk with him about home, and his memories of Honolulu are most fresh and charming. He says that in all his travels he has found no such delightful place as Honolulu, and he says this is the unanimous feeling of all the officers. He fairly brims over with gratitude for your kindness. He is now preaching, and is naval instructor.

I am hourly looking for Mr. Carter, and hoping, before sealing my envelope, to announce his arrival. I have had his rooms at the hotel warmed for this evening. I certainly hope he will be here before New Year's. F. W. D.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"ALOHA!" A HAWAIIAN SALUTATION. By GEORGE LEONARD CHANEY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

Some years ago, when conversing with a person about some new publication respecting Polynesia, he remarked in a querulous tone, "What! Another book! I should think enough had been written and printed already." Our reply was, "The reading world has only just begun to read the books which will be written about Polynesia." Since then several books have appeared relating to Polynesia, and a good half-dozen about the Hawaiian Islands, including Miss Bird's, Mr. Fornander's, Mrs. Brassey's, Judge Caton's, and now comes to us, fresh from Boston, with the imprint of "1880" on the title page, another volume, entitled "Aloha," by the Rev. George Leonard Chaney, late pastor of Hollis St. Church, Boston. This tourist, accompanied by his wife, visited our Islands 1875-76. The volume is dedicated to the Honorable and Mrs. H. A. P. Carter, "without whose kind persuasion" the author would not have visited the Islands.

The author, we think, has been peculiarly happy in the selection of a title—"Aloha," "Love to you." This, he aptly remarks, "is the commonest and sweetest word in the Hawaiian tongue." Dr. Anderson, in his book on the Islands, thus writes about the same word: "Aloha is their *characteristic* word. If they have not words to express some of the great ideas, they certainly have a word expressive of the sweetest, richest sentiments of the human heart—*Aloha*. I never wearied with the repetition, though I repeated it thousands of times."

Mr. Chaney has certainly written a very pleasant, racy, readable and enjoyable volume. He appears to have quietly glided around among all classes of our Island community, observing the various phases of human life, and viewing the natural scenery with the eye of an artist and naturalist. Being a New Englander and Bostonian, he is gratified to discover a strong infusion of good old Puritan principles in the society of the Islands, made up of so many nationalities. "It is a curious and pleasant thing to see how many of the best characteristics of the Anglo-American race have been transplanted and domesticated in this far-away Kingdom. If the good old type should die out of New England, I believe that it would be found surviving in the descendants of the best settlers of the Hawaiian Islands."

He takes a hopeful view of the Chinese element, although his keen forecast of the future gently crops out when he remarks, "Take care, O King, that the lean kine do not eat up the fat ones."

We regret that our limits will not allow us to copy many a bright, hopeful and sparkling paragraph falling under our notice in glancing over this volume. We have not met with a single carping or ill-natured remark in one of its 299 pages. We attribute this in part to the fact that he took the word Aloha for his key-note. The writer appears to have found the Islands a *restful* place. We think this has also been true of other visitors who have escaped for a brief season from professional duty in the court-room and the pulpit. Mr. Dana, Judge Caton, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Clark, Dr. Stone, Dr. Chaney and others have expressed the idea that they found the Islands a *restful* spot.

We can most cordially commend this volume to the reading public, and are confident our booksellers will find a constant sale for years to come. Mr. Chaney compliments Miss Bird most gracefully in his introduction: "Miss I. L. Bird has written a charming book of travel in the Hawaiian Archipelago. If I can give my readers half the pleasure she has given me, I shall be satisfied." We think he may be satisfied.

MISCELLANIES. By JOHN DEAN CATON, LL. D. Boston: Riverside Press. 1880.

We would acknowledge a copy of this book by Judge Caton. It contains much most valuable information relating to Law, History, Science and Literature The Judge has been not only devoted to his profession, but has stepped aside, and like other wise men, from Solomon down, has been one that "intermeddled with all wisdom." The habits of the American deer and the antelope have been his special study. When he visits foreign conntries he studies up everything relating to those lands—e. g., the Hawaiian Islands and Cuba. Now he is upon a visit to Japan, and we may erelong expect interesting "Papers" relating to those islands. He was en route thither, through San Francisco, when he most kindly forwarded this volume, which we have perused with interest. About sixty pages of this volume relate to the Hawaiian Islands, some parts of the same having been published in our Island papers.

VICTORIAN REVIEW. Vol. I. No. 1.

This is a publication coming to us from Melbourne, Victoria, and takes us somewhat by surprise. It is a large and beautifully printed Quarterly, with a corps of contributors worthy of a first-class Review of England or America. Our limits will not allow us to print all we should be pleased to say in the way of high commendation. It contains eleven articles, on various topics, and having read several, we can recommend the Review as first-class One article, entitled, "Will the Anglo-Australian Race Degenerate?" is most suggestive. The writer views the nations of the earth from a geological standpoint. Thus writing, he remarks, "We must be prepared for an inevitable degeneration of the Anglo-Australian stock." We regret we cannot reproduce the whole article, and also another, "A Coming Citizen of the World,"—viz., Chinese.

Through Whitney & Robertson and T. G. Thrum the Review may be obtained.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW. Vol. I. No. 1.

This is a first-class Review, started by the ablest divines and writers of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Sound scholarship, able reasoning, broad views and manly discussion will characterize this Quarterly, if we may judge what future numbers will be from the one now lying on our table. It is published by Randolph & Co., of New York, for the Presbyterian Review Association.

☞ We think many of our readers will peruse with interest the letter we publish from Miss Bird, written after her return to England from her trip to Japan. Her letters relating to our Islands have much enlightened all who are interested in this part of the world. Often we meet with tourists who say that they never should have come hither but for reading Miss Bird's book.

If any of our readers are interested in reading about the Ainos of Japan, to whom Miss Bird refers, we would refer them to the FRIEND for November, 1871, containing an article carefully prepared by Mr. Lindau, a German gentleman and tourist, then on a visit to Honolulu. He is a brother of the celebrated Lindau, who now stands among the foremost literary men of Germany. The Ainos of Japan hold the same relation to the people of Japan that the North American

Indians do to the people of America. They were the original inhabitants of Japan.

Miss Bird's reference to our old friend Mangero is most touching. He merits something better than neglect, for he is one of Japan's noblest men. He gave to Japan a translation of Bowditch's Navigator, and was the translator of Perry's Dispatches when Japan was opened. He was also one of the Japanese Commissioners to observe the German and French war. We could wish our U. S. Minister in Japan might speak a kind word in behalf of Captain Mangero.

The following is a list of Miss Bird's publications:

"The Englishwoman in America." Post 8vo. Out of print.

"Six Months in the Sandwich Islands." Cheap and revised edition, with illustrations. Crown 8vo.

"A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains." With illustrations. Crown 8vo.

In the press: "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: An Account of Travels on Horseback in the Northern Interior of the Main Island and among the Aborigines of Yezo, with Visits to the Shrines of Nikko and Ise." With 40 illustrations; 2 vols.; crown 8vo.

Hilo Railroad.

We are glad to learn that a short railroad is in successful operation at Hilo. The Rev. A. O. Forbes thus writes, under date of January 1st:

"Our Foreign Sabbath School has been celebrating the day with a railroad excursion of a couple of miles through the fields of the Waiakea Plantation and a dinner at the new mill. The children and all who were there enjoyed it greatly."

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MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Dec 29—P M S S Australia, Cargill, from San Francisco
29—Am schr Ada May, Thomas, 18 days fm S Francisco
30—Brit bk Lady Head, Anderson, 169 days fm London
Jan 1—Raiatea sch Vivid, English, 7½ dys fm Fannings I'd
Jan 3—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, 13 days fm S Francisco
4—Am brig Sea Waif, Wagner, 33 days from Jaluit
4—Brit bk Norham Castle, Good, 134 days fm Glasgow
5—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, 15 days from San Francisco
7—Am sch Claus Spreckels, Von Schmidt, from San Francisco, via Hilo
7—Am schr Eustace, Boie, fm S Francisco via Kahului
7—Brit bk Casma, Irving, 132 days from Liverpool
Jan 11—Am tern Hera, Monsen, 22 days from Departure Bay, en route to Kahului
12—Am schr Bonanza, Miller, from S Francisco via Hilo
15—Am bk J W Seaver, Melander, 18 days from San Francisco
15—Am schr Dashing Wave, McCulloch, from San Francisco, via Kahului
16—Stmr James Makee, Godfrey, from Kapaa
17—Stmr Kilauea Hou, Sears, from Kahului
Jan 19—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, from Sydney
23—Am bk Cyane, Hansen, 12½ days from San Fran
23—Am bktne Sheet Anchor, Friis, 78 days from New Castle, N S W
24—Am wh bk John Howland, 16 dys fm San Francisco

DEPARTURES.

Dec 27—Am bktne Grace Roberts, Olsen, for San Francisco
27—Am schr W H Meyer Jordan, for San Francisco
29—P M S S Australia, Cargill, for Sydney
30—Am bk Helena, Snow, for Victoria, B C
31—Am schr Ida Schnauer, Schnauer, for San Francisco
Jan 1—Am schr Ada May, Thomas, for Hilo, Hawaii
Jan 5—Haw bk Hawaii, Whitney, for South Sea Islands
6—Raiatea schr Vivid, English, for Fanning's Island
7—Am bktne Victor, Hardies, for Port Gamble
8—Am tern W L Beebe, Erschen, for Port Blakely
9—Am bk Rainier, Wulff, for Port Gamble.)
Jan 10—Am bktne Eureka, Nordberg, for San Francisco
12—U S S Lackawanna, Chandler, for San Francisco
12—U S S Ranger, Boyd, for San Francisco
12—Am tern Hera, Monsen, for Kahului
13—Am schr Eustace, Boie, for San Francisco
14—Haw bgtne Storm Bird, Hatfield, for Jaluit
15—Am bktne J A Falkinburg, Hubbard, for Portl'd, O
15—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, for San Francisco
15—Am bk Camden, Robinson, for Port Gamble
Jan 17—Am schr Claus Spreckels, Von Schmidt, for S F
19—Haw brig Julia M Avery, Avery, for South Sea I'ds
19—Brit bk Lady Head, Anderson, for Esquimalt, B C
19—Ger bk Auguste, Schumacher, for Manila
19—Am wh bk Pacific, Knowles, for cruise to westward
20—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for San Francisco

MARRIED.

CUTLER—BROWN.—At Renton, W. T., November 12, by the Rev. Mr. Bagley, Mr. ROWELL D. CUTLER, of East Machias, Me., mate of the "Camden," to Miss ALLIE E. BROWN, daughter of Captain Robert Brown, of Seattle, but formerly of Honolulu.

BUCHANAN—KAHEMOE—At Kohala, Hawaii, on Nov. 29th, 1879, by the Rev. A. B. Atherton, Mr. R. McLellan Buchanan, late of Geven, Dumbarton, Scotland, to Miss Kalapa Kahemoe, of Kohala, Hawaii.

SMITHIES—MARTIN.—At Waiohinu, Kau, Dec. 1st, 1879, by the Rev. J. Kauhane, JOHN WILLIAM SMITHIES to Miss E. M. MARTIN, eldest daughter of the Hon. W. Thos. Martin.

KEAWE—HAAI.—In this city, January 1, by Rev. S. C. Damon, KEAWE to HAAI, both Hawaiians, belonging to Honolulu.

KEEYOU—KIAO.—In this city, January 1, KEEYOU to FIO KIAO, both Chinese, belonging to Honolulu.

SHELDON—CUMMINGS.—In this city, Jan. 6, by the Rev. H. H. Parker, Mr. Henry C. Sheldon, of Kohala, Hawaii, to Miss Hannah Cummings, of Wailuku, Maui.

BEESING—DE JESUS.—In this city, January 9, Mr. JOHN BEESING to Miss MARIA DE JESUS.

JARCIA—KELAWAA.—In this city, January 24, by Rev. S. C. Damon, THOMAS JARCIA, of Waianae, to KELAWAA, of Honoululi.

DIED.

AYLETT.—In this city, Jan. 9, of malarial fever, Catherine Paukelani, wife of James Aylett, aged 26 years.

HOWARD.—Died at Hilo, Hawaii, January 13, WILLIAM HOWARD, a Welshman by birth, having resided on Hawaii about three years. Our correspondent writes: "He was evidently a man of superior education and social advantages, but all that we can learn of his history is that for some reason he had left his family never to return to them again. He died among us a perfect stranger, and there is not a scrap of writing or anything else among his effects that gives us the slightest clue to his home or friends in England. He looked like a person about 35 years of age."

CHAMBERLAIN—In this city, Jan. 19th, at her residence, MARIA P., widow of the late Levi Chamberlain, formerly Secular Superintendent of the American Mission to these Islands, aged 76 years, 10 months. Mrs. C. was a native of Pequea, Lancaster county, Pa., and arrived at Honolulu in 1828. She was the last survivor at these Islands of the large company of which Messrs. Andrews, Judd, Clark, Gulick, Green, their wives and others, were members. She had resided in this city about 51 years.

COFFIN—In this city, Jan. 20th, ROMELIA KAOU, wife of Mr. George Coffin, aged 61 years.

BIRD.—In this city, Jan. 24th, Mr. HENRY C. BIRD, aged 64 years and 8 months. Deceased was a native of Hitchin, Herts, England. (San Francisco papers please copy.)

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Honolulu Sailors' Home Society.

The annual meeting of the above society, which constituted its 25th anniversary, was held at the Home on the 3d January, 1880, at 11 a m., Hon. S. N. Castle presiding.

The Treasurer reported a balance of $85.82. on hand. The report of the Chairman of the Executive Committee is given below.

The election of Trustees for a term of three years, closing on the 31st Dec. 1882, resulted as follows: Messrs C. R. Bishop, P. C. Jones, J. T. Waterhouse Jr, J. B. Atherton, A. Fuller, and Wm. Babcock.

The Trustees elected the following officers by ballot: viz: S N. Castle, President: C. R. Bishop, Treasurer: F. A. Schaefer, Secretary.

Executive Committee, Rev. S. C. Damon, E. O. Hall and P. C. Jones.

The Sailor's Home continues its usefulness in this community, although it has changed in its character to a great extent in proportion to the general change which the twenty-five years of its existence have wrought in this city. The Record of this Institution is full of interesting, reminiscenses, and calls to mind a number of our best and most useful citizens of whom many have since departed to a better life.

Of those who constituted the first body of Trustees, eighteen in all, only six are now living, and of these the Rev. Dr. Damon and Hon. S. N. Castle have ever been active members and officers of the Board. Great credit and the thanks of this community are especially due to the Rev. Dr Damon for his indefatigable labors in the interests of the Sailor's Home, and the occasion of its 25th anniversity is a fit opportunity to give public expression to these sentiments. In that gentleman's report as Chairman of the Executive Committee, will be found an interesting bit of international history— an evidently well founded presumption that American legislation relating to seamen received some hints from that of Hawaii on the same subject.

Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Whatever changes have passed over the world during the last quarter, the Honolulu Sailor's Home, has continued onward in its career of usefulness. Its doors have always been open and accomodations always provided for those for whom it was built and others who concluded to avail themselves of its privileges. Many thousands of seamen and others have here found a quiet temporary resting place. In reviewing the history of the Society, we notice that some of the original officers are living, while others have passed away. Judge Allen, our Minister at Washington, was the first President; Judge Lee, one of the Trustees: Judge Robertson another and S. N Castle another, while Capt. Babcock was one of the Floating Committee. Mr Castle has been among those of the Trustees during all the period of the society existence, and he is now our honored President, while the Seamen's Chaplain has always acted as Chairman of the Executive Committee in preparing the Annual Report.

The corner stone was laid by His Majesty Kamehemeha IVth on Restoration Day, 31th of July, 1855. We have always admired the address of His Majesty on that occasion as peculiarly appropriate and we remember it was written out in his own hand writing, when called for by the printer.

The laying of the corner stone of an edifice destined to add to the welfare and happiness of Seamen is an occasion interesting to every member of this community. The hardships with which the sailor contends, and the dangers which he braves bring us ease and security. Had he never steered his ships into our waters, Honolulu might simply have retained its position as a fishing village or become by this time a deserted beach. I hope the day has passed for any class of men to be valued only for their strength, and adaptability to the purposes of others. The sailor, the miner, the seamstress, and even the slave, for generations to come, will all have cause to bless the Nineteenth Century. In raising this Home, we endeavor to act in accordance with the Spirit of the Age, by seeking to ameliorate the condition of a preponderating element of our foreign and a very considerable one of our native, population.

The moral wants of the sailor demand our care equally with those that are physical. The facilities offered to him on shore as a reasonable and responsible being should be multiform, in order to counteract the disadvantages inseparable from a life at sea. For his own sake, and that of every community he visits, he should ever be found an orderly and intelligent member of society; institutions of this character will help to make him so. Entertaining these feelings towards sailors, I did not hesitate to assist in the ceremony of to-day, and I esteem myself happy that my name is associated with this good work.

The Society has always been peculiarly fortunate

in securing good and reliable managers: Mr. and Mrs. Thrum, 1856—1859; Capt. and Mrs. Oat, 1860—1863; Mr. and Mrs. Miller, 1864—1865; Mrs. Crabb, 1866—1871; Mrs Whiteous, 1871—1873; Mr. and Mrs. Dunscombe, 1873——.

During the last ten years, the Y. M. C. A. has sustained a Reading Room at the Home, which has been much frequented and never more than at the present time.

Although whaleships have ceased to frequent this port—only one coming this year—yet merchant vessels have increased, and vessels of war coming occasionally as in former years. The necessity for sustaining such an institution remains as urgent as ever. It forms a centre place of resort for friends of many good enterprises, including Bible and tract distribution. So manifest has been the usefulness of this institution that it has never been allowed to become encumbered with debt, and the community has always most generously responded when appeals have been made for its support.

It should not be forgotten that in the early days of the Home, representation of Government officers among the Trustees led to a thorough review and remodeling of Hawaiian Laws relating to the proper treatment of seamen. Some years ago, when the friends of seamen in the United States desired the enactment of new laws relating to seamen, copies of our Laws and regulations were applied for, and when the newly framed laws were passed by the United States Congress, it was manifest that hints at least were suggested by Hawaiian Laws and regulations relating to seamen. No candid observer can possibly review the history of the Home for a quarter of a century and not acknowledge its great usefulness to seamen, strangers and others. At the present time all our Consuls send their distressed seamen thither when they are not under medical treatment at the Queen's Hospital. Many of the boarders of late have been sent by the planters' agents; hence to close its doors and suppress its various agencies would be a serious loss to the community.

SAM'L C. DAMON
Chairman of Ex. Com.

Letter from Miss Bird.

19, COOTE'S CRESCENT, EDINBURGH,
Nov. 16th, 1879.

DEAR MR. DAMON: I am in your debt for the FRIEND, which I always read from the first to the last word. * * *

How I wish I was going to the never-to-be-forgotten Islands! Now I must tell you about your last letter. Strange to say, I received the FRIEND [in Japan] with an account of the Ainos in Yezo the day before I left for a three weeks' tour among the Ainos, and consequently it interested me exceedingly, as did these truly pathetic aborigines. I had previously become very well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and on returning to Tokiyo lost no time in speaking to them about Mangero, and Mr. Murray took a great deal of trouble to find him out, and having done so, invited him to meet me at lunch. Mangero is quite an old-looking and sad-looking man. His party is out of power and himself out of employment, and he lives on a plot of land at some distance from Tokiyo. He brightened very much when he heard of you, and especially when I gave him your photo and message. I urged him to write to you, but he has nearly forgotten English. Your thought of him seemed to be quite a gleam of brightness in his depressed condition, and I am very glad that you gave me the message to him. Others I saw who spoke of you. I spent ten days with the Hepburns, and MRS. Hepburn said that her day in Honolulu was the fullest and most exciting she ever spent. I was for a fortnight with the Gulicks, and there I almost forgot that I was not on Hawaii. Mrs. Gulick, senior, was very frail, but "the inner man" seemed "renewed day by day," and the influence of her piety seems very sweetly felt by all. I saw much of the missionary circle there and at Kiyoto, and was very much interested in the hopeful work which your countrymen and women are doing there, which contrasts strongly with much of unsuccessful though earnest effort in other parts of Japan. I liked Mrs. Orimel Gulick very much. She has the good qualities which I admired so much in her sisters. She is much esteemed and looked up to, as she deserves to be. I spent seven months in Japan, and traveled very considerably in the northern interior and among the aborigines in Yezo. It grew gradually upon me, and is a deeply interesting country, but it did not steal my heart! Then I went for three weeks to Canton and Honkong, and was delighted with the former. Thence to Singapore, where the Straits Settlements Government gave me the opportunity of visiting the Malay Peninsula as its guest, and I went first to Malacca and then to the native states of Sungei, Ujong, Salongor and Perak; then for three weeks to Ceylon, with which I was greatly disappointed; and thence to Suez, from whence I made a solitary pilgrimage to Sinai, and carried out the earliest wish of my childhood. The great drawback all the time was my very bad health and the suffering in my spine caused by riding, and at Cairo I took typhoid fever, from which I have been slowly recovering ever since. I returned home in June. I joined my sister at once, and have lived five months in a little cottage which we have in the Hebridean island of Mull, on the wooded edge of the moorland above the sea. I have been and am much occupied with literary work, as you will see by the enclosed. My Japan book will be a very corpulent volume, and will probably not be out till February. The Rocky Mountains have been out for a week, and the edition is nearly disposed of. * * * I suppose that each year is altering the Islands by bringing strangers and foreign capital and labor to your shores. * * *

Believe me yours very sincerely,
ISABELLA L. BIRD.

The Voice of Weeping.

I hear the voice of weeping
O'er one whose soul has fled,
Whose relics now are sleeping
Among the silent dead.
Each heart with grief is breaking,
And eyes with sorrow flow,
E'en strangers are partaking
The sympathy of woe.

But yesterday we knew her,
Lovely in youthful bloom;
To-day we're called to view her,
A tenant of the tomb.
Her life was but a vapor,
A tender, fading flower,
A trembling, dying taper,
Extinguished in an hour,

I hear the voice of weeping,
And there is cause to mourn;
She that in death is sleeping
Will ne'er to us return.
No more shall we behold her
Till time forever dies,
Our arms no more enfold her
Till all the dead arise.

New York City, Dec. 1852. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Letter from Major Webb.

PAPEETEE, TAHITI, Nov. 9, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. DAMON: I write to let you know of my arrival here. I had a very rapid and pleasant voyage from San Francisco in a smart little schooner called the *Greyhound*. We left on the 1st October and arrived at Tahiti on the 29th. We had good winds all the way, except at the Line, where we passed through the calm regions found there. I have taken a small house here, and will probably remain some time on this island. It is very beautiful and richly wooded, and reminds me of the Sandwich Islands. The people are exactly of the same kind, open-hearted race, and very hospitable. I am told that they often support white men when they are no longer able to work. I presented the letter of introduction you kindly gave me to Mr. Green, and was very kindly received by him. Yesterday being Sunday, I attended his church, and after service witnessed the baptism of a Chinaman who was then publicly admitted into the Christian Church. Next week I intend making a tour round the island, and when I return going over to another one which is a few miles distant. After that my stay here will be near its end. Some time ago there was a lady here, a Miss Gordon Cumming, a sister of a man who was well known in England as a great hunter of lions in Africa. She explored well this island and the one in its neighborhood, and made a number of paintings of the most striking spots. I purchased a number of photographs of her pictures, which are very striking indeed. Judging from them, her pictures must be very fine. After she left it was her intention to go on to the Sandwich Islands. A great artist has plenty of scope to exercise his talent both here and in your Islands. A fine painting of Kilauea would be very valuable. There is nothing of that kind here; nevertheless, this place is well worthy of a visit. The extensive palm groves by the sea are very fine. Everywhere vegetation abounds right up to the top of the hills. What struck me most of all on first arriving were the wonderful fish you see swimming about everywhere. There is one in particular called the coral fish, of the most beautiful blue you can see, a very dark sky-blue. Sometimes it is of a fine green tint. Besides this fish, you see others of a variety of most brilliant colors, many of them striped and spotted with various hues. This island seems to be almost entirely wanting in birds and animals, but is very rich in fish. Among the latter is one which is very dangerous. It has a sharp fin on its back, and if in bathing you accidentally tread on it, this fin runs into your foot, and you die of lockjaw. This creature generally lies concealed in mud, so you have to be very careful in going into the water when bathing.

I remain, very sincerely yours.
G. T. WEBB.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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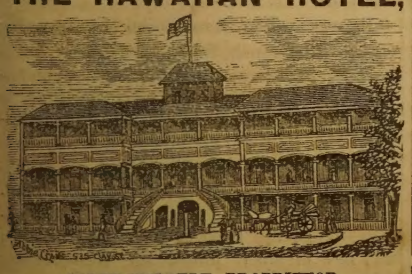

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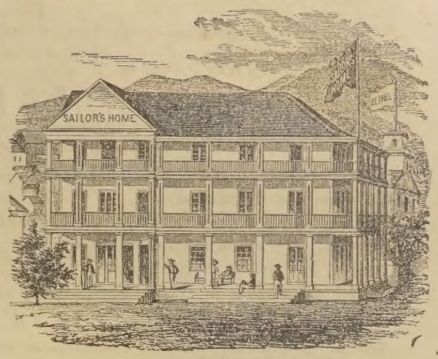

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Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meet the third Thursday of every month, at the Lyceum, for business and discussion.

The topic for discussion at the January meeting is, "What should be done for the poor of our city?"

All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, W. R. Castle; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, C. A. Peterson.

Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe

Editor—Wm. A. Kinney, Editor of the 8th page of THE FRIEND for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.

Entertainment Committee—Wm O. Smith, T. H. Davies.

Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

Committee of Early Meeting at Fort St. Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

THE Y. M. C. A., at its last meeting, voted that a letter of appointment be handed to Dr. Damon, authorizing him to represent our Association on his intended trip abroad. The Doctor thinks that the Associations will look on him as quite an *aged* young man!

BETTING.—The sentiments of the *P. C. Advertiser* upon this subject should be endorsed by every Christian and moral man in the community. Betting is a vice, and should be treated as such. Henry Ward Beecher speaks of this subject somewhat as follows: "To every young man who indulges in the least form of gambling, I raise a warning cry. Under the specious name of *amusement* you are laying the foundations of gambling. It vitiates the imagination, corrupts the tastes and destroys industry, being a practice disallowed among Christians, excluded by mere moralists, and hateful to industrious and thriving men."

MUSIC.—No man can of himself overcome his propensity to evil. That power must come from outside influences, one of the purest of which is music. Unlike most earthly influences, music *itself* speaks only for good. From the same mouth come blessings and cursings, but the good God seems to have made music so that man could by no possibility wring evil from it. A *spirit of darkness* could not make an organ express his evil thoughts for him, while the purest heart and gentlest tongue are often the instruments of evil. These influences are designed by our Maker to lure us to good, and no young man has such innate power that he may slight them. Cultivate music, good society and those other earthly stepping stones to an honest life which, though not Christianity, are yet its offspring.

The Angel of Patience.

[Translated from the German.]

A silent angel noiseless flies
From Heaven's high firmament;
To soothe all sorrowing hearts he hies,
By God the Father sent.

His glance on all doth peace bestow,
And grace and innocence—
His presence dries the tears of woe—
The Angel of Patience.

And us this angel safely leads
Through all our griefs and cares,
While with our hearts he gently pleads,
And us for Heaven prepares.

When we are fainting, in despair,
He doth our fears dispel,
Helps us our heavy cross to bear,
And makes, again, all well.

To gentle sorrow he converts
The most soul-piercing smart,
And humbles what false pride perverts,
The erring human heart.

He makes for us the darkest hour
Again with brightness glow,
And sweetens all misfortunes sour,
Effectually, if slow.

With ours he mingles his own tears,
And all our bruises heals;
He soothes our griefs and calms our fears,
And Heaven to us reveals.

And if, by cruel sufferings drove,
We, murmuring, ask, "Oh, why?"
Then with a smile he points above
To him who rules the sky.

He cannot, all at once, prepare
To wipe away each tear;
His constant motto is, "Still bear!
The place of rest is near!"

Thus by our side this angel walks,
His silent aid to lend—
And, though he very little talks,
He is our truest friend.

"THE daring genius of Columbus, that pierced the night of ages, while it opened to one world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge, brought to another all unutterable woe."

It has seemed to be a law of nature that the darker races of the earth must pass away before the Caucasian. The disappearance of the vast tribes of North American Indians, the fate of that countless race once found upon the plateaus of Central America, and the wasting of the natives of the Pacific—all are witnesses for that law.

The Anglo-Saxon has passed over America and occupied the islands of the sea, and thus far everything has succumbed or perished.

But now the Mongolian of the old world has commenced a march Eastward, meeting the Anglo-Saxon with weapons that have thus far secured him the advantage—industry, enterprise and shrewdness.

The Anglo-Saxon submerged but a docile, ignorant people, while the pagan Chinese are thriving in contact with the most enlightened race upon the earth. Not waiting to meet the foreigner upon their own soil, they have poured out upon the Pacific thousands of their countrymen—an earnest of the vast reserve—who compete successfully with the foreigner upon his own soil, in his own arts, ignorant of his language and empty of all resources save his own inherent powers.

Already China's *reconnoitring* party has filled the Anglo-Saxon with alarm, and the Pacific Slope echoes with the cry, "The Chinese *must* go."

Somewhat different is this arbitrary language from the popular theories of the same people one hundred and fifty years ago, when flooding the new world to the exclusion of the natives. Such doctrines as, no people had a right to exclude from their territory those better able to improve the same, were very popular among Anglo-Saxons of that day, but it will not do for the Mongolian of to-day—in struggling *peaceably* to hold his ground—to re-hearse the cunning arguments with which the Anglo-Saxon silenced his complaints and those of his American cousin when *he* was the interloper—for, you see, *the boot is on the other leg.*

What result will follow Chinese emigration and China's intercourse with the outside world, Providence alone knows. Meanwhile, if the Anglo-Saxon intends to maintain his high standing as a fitting member of the most civilized and Christianized race on earth, he must accord to one and all the rights he claims for himself.

SOMETHING NEW.—That the Chinese should bring their wives is an argument we hear every day, but we never heard it argued that it was just what they should *not* do until the other day. The reason given was that they would then become immovably rooted here, while otherwise they could be worked and the most of them shipped off when done with!

NATIONAL HOSPITALITY.—The Hawaiians have ever been known as a hospitable people, a pleasing evidence of which was shown in their reception of the South Sea Islanders lately come among them. "Aloha" should be wrought upon the national coat of arms, as it is now in the hearts of the people.

Late Y. M. C. A. Clippings.

The members of the Vermont Legislature, it is stated, hold a prayer-meeting every morning in the Agricultural Committee room. The meetings are well attended and very interesting.

CINCINNATI.—The thirty-first anniversary recently held was addressed by Rev. S. H. Kinsolving and Rev. E. D. Morris. The Association expended $3,834 in their work last year.

BOSTON.—The Association has evening classes in French, freehand drawing, bookkeeping, elocution, vocal music and penmanship. An entertainment of some kind is given in their rooms every Thursday evening.

PHILADELPHIA.—Last month the Association held 67 meetings with a total attendance of 8,860; 2,350 visited the gymnasium; 6,021 the reading room and library; 247 new members joined the Association; 94 situations were obtained through the employment bureau.